Worth a god's view: what priſoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?
Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arcite and *Palamon*,
Theſ. Tis right, thoſe, thoſe
They are not dead?
Her. Nor in a ſtate of life, had they bin taken
3. Hearſes ready. When their laſt hurts were given, 'twas poſſible
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe
And haue the name of men.
Theſ. Then like men uſe 'em
The very lees of ſuch (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others: all our Surgions
Convent in their behoofe, our richeſt balmes
Rather then niggard waſt, their lives concerne us,
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning ſtate
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thouſand fold, we had rather have 'em
Priſoners to us, then death; Beare 'em ſpeedily
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and miniſter
What man to man may doe for our ſake more,
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheaſtes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a miſtris Taske,
Deſire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath ſet a marke which nature could not reach too
Without ſome impoſition, ſicknes in will
Or wraſtling ſtrength in reaſon, for our Love
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our beſt,
Their beſt skill tender. Leade into the Citty,
Where having bound things ſcatterd, we will poſt *Floriſh.*
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*
Muſicke.

Scæna 5. *Enter the Queenes with the Hearſes of their Knightes, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

Vrnes, and odours, bring away,
Vapours, ſighes, darken the day;

Our

Our dole more deadly lookes than
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy
Sacred vials filld with teares,
And clamors through the wild

Come all ſad, and ſolempne Showe
That are quick-eyd pleaſures foes
We convent nought elſe but woes

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to
Ioy ceaze on you againe: peace ſleep
2. *Qu.* And this to yours.
1. *Qu.* Yours this way: Heave
A thouſand differing waies, to one
3. *Qu.* This world's a Citty full
And Death's the market-place, whe

Actus Secundu

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor,*

Iailor. I may depart with little, w
May caſt to you, not much: Alas th
Keepe, though it be for great ones, y
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you ſhall
Of Minnowes: I am given out to be
Then it can appeare, to me report is
Speaker: I would I were really, that
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have
it will) I will aſſure upon my daughte
The day of my death.
Wooer. Sir I demaund no more th
And I will eſtate your Daughter in
Have promiſed,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Mal. 24